The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1801.

INGENIOUS PIECES OF MECHANISM.

IN a French periodical paper, entitled, 'Nouvelles Literaires,' publiſhed at the Hague, 1715, there is an account of an Engliſh gentleman then reſident at Dreſden, whoſe happy genius for mechaniſm had formed the following curious machines. It is noticed, that he had been a director of mines for the ſpace of fifteen years; and ſome readers may perhaps diſcover the name of our ingenious artiſt.

I. A machine to make a hole in the earth of ſix inches diameter, and of whatever depth ſhall be wiſhed, even to a profundity of *fifteen hundred feet*, if neceſſary. *Two men* will be ſufficient to manage it with facility. He propoſes this as uſeful for labourers in mines, to give them air; to diſcover mines, and other ſimilar purpoſes.

II. A mirror of wood highly poliſhed, and covered with gold, which gives a gentle warmth, by which all ſwellings and ſtagnations in the muſcles may be diſſipated.

III. The model of a houſe, ſo conſtructed that the walls, partitions and floors, cannot be burnt The fire could only conſume the furniture.

IV. A mill with wings; a ſingle perſon could grind with one hand, although there ſhould be a mill-ſtone, as is uſual, of four to eight hundred weight.

V. The model of an octagon church, which can contain ſix times as many perſons as any other building of the ſame magnitude. All the auditors ſhould front the miniſter.

VI. An oven which draws the air in an extraordinary manner; while all the wood which is neceſſary to heat it for a whole day may be put in at once.

VII. A light wooden martial machine, which every ſoldier may puſh before him when he mounts a trench, ſo as perfectly to cover himſelf from the enemy, while the ſhield is invulnerable to any gun-ſhot.

VIII. A chair, which may be made to move about eaſily with the hand, while the perſon is ſeated either in the houſe or garden.

IX. A mode of ſounding a bell without moving it, by ſhaking only the clapper.

X. A chair to aſcend or deſcend from one ſtory to the other of the higheſt houſe.

XI. A globe which eaſily turns on a pivot, from the top to the bottom, and on all ſides.

XII. Another martial machine, to throw at once a great number of grenadoes.

XIII. The model of a theatre, which can immediately be turned by ſix men, although it held three hundred perſons; ſo that the ſcenery and other decorations may be inſtantly changed.

XIV. The model of a coach, in which a perſon can conduct himſelf without horſes, or the aſſiſtance of any animals.

The ninth ingenious invention was well known to Tycho Brahe, who appeared to perform magical tricks by a variety of ſuch bells, which were underſtood by his ſervants. In Mr. Coxe's biographical ſketch of this great man, the reader will find this circumſtance detailed at large.

A SKETCH.

****** Methought I heard a voice harſher than the hideous bird of night, when, perched on ſome neighbouring yew-tree, ſhe fills the air with her inauſpicious cries—again, the ſame ſhrill accents ſtrike my ear—they ſwell ſtill louder——What a torrent of fury and violence! What effuſions of impudent calumny, and diabolical malice! What a ſtrain of virulent invective, of horrid exclamation!—Whence are theſe frantic ravings? A Woman—Impoſſible! rather ſome power of darkneſs, who aſſumes that gentle form to poiſon the joys of domeſtic life with impunity. The attributes of *woman* are modeſty, diſcretion and heavenly ſoftneſs; whoever wants thoſe feminine virtues, though ſhe may wear the garb, and claim the protection of her ſex, is no woman—ſhe belongs to the family of the Furies.———

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 206.*]

The circumstance, bad enough in itself, was aggravated to a premeditated design to insult both Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy, and every illiberal epithet was most liberally bestowed on our hero. When the Oxonians had taken their leave, Mr. Modeley insisted, that his daughter should write a note to Smith, (as he was her acquaintance) dismissing him forever. Mrs. Heriot, disgusted with his newly assumed conceit, and whose favourable opinion was already greatly changed, thought it but reasonable: and the young lady, unable to say a word in his defence, and not very well satisfied before with his late behaviour, reluctantly took the pen. So agitated was the distressed damsel, that her fair fingers refused the unwelcome office; Mrs. Heriot, therefore, wrote the following, which Miss Modeley, in part dictated, and, with a heavy heart and trembling hand, signed:

"Sir,

"Impressed by that gratitude, which is due to you as my deliverer, I should unwillingly say, that our acquaintance must here end forever, had you not, contrary to these expressions of esteem which you have so frequently imposed upon me, dared to strike my beloved father, insult his friend, and boast of the progress you had made in my affections. I make remarks upon the subject, but to say, that your conduct has totally destroyed that favourable opinion I once entertained of you; and I must henceforth desire you to forget there is such a person as

"E. MODELEY."

Dissatisfied with every part of the note, it was nevertheless sent; and Smith received it in the morning. He hastily rose, dressed himself and flew to the inn. He desired to speak to Mr. Modely, but was told, Mr. Modeley had ordered himself to be refused to him. He then desired to see Sir Sandy, intending to apologize for his behavior. Sir Sandy answered, he wished not for the honour of his acquaintance. He now wrote in the most submissive terms to Mrs. Heriot, and in the most animated to Miss Modeley; both letters were returned unopened. He addressed a short note to Mrs. Heriot, and received this short answer "Can you say, Sir, you did not strike Mr. Modeley? that you did not declare, publicly, before dinner, you would make Sir Sandy drunk? and conceitedly boast, before a large party of young men, that you knew Miss Modeley hated Sir Sandy, and favoured your pretensions?" All this, Smith's vanity had, at different times uttered, and it had accordingly been re-echoed, not without many remarks and additions, to Mr. Modeley and the ladies. As the youth could not deny the contents of Miss Heriot's note, he would have palliated it in his answer to that lady, and begged one moment's conference. His answer was sent back opened, at the bottom was written, "Mrs. Heriot desires Mr. Smith will not trouble her any more, as she must beg leave to drop all further acquaintance with him." Smith, in despair returned to his college. He called on Sir Harry Valence, and earnestly intreated him to use his influence. Sir Harry told him the ill success of the over night. Smith begged him to try once more, &, at least, state the truth to his adored Miss Modeley. Sir Harry went to the inn, and found, to the utter confusion of our hero, that Mr. Modeley and his party had departed from Oxford. This was a killing blow to Smith; he had flattered himself, all along, with a few minutes' conversation with his amiable mistress, and trusted he should be able to clear himself from the heaviest part of the charge, and by his penitence be reinstated in her favour. At first his rage lost all bounds; he ordered a chaise and four immediately to pursue them, and it was some time before Sir Harry could persuade him of the folly of so doing. He then intreated Sir Harry himself to hasten after them, and speak to them at Farringdon, where he supposed they were to dine; but till the horses were returned, they were not certain whether they had taken that road, or the one that leads to Witney. When the drivers returned, our hero found, by enquiry, that Mr. Modeley and his party were going to Southampton by the way of Salisbury. He had kept his term at college, therefore he ordered his horse to be saddled immediately; and understanding they talked of dining at Ambresbury, he hoped to overtake them at that place, as he knew they would be delayed some time in viewing the venerable ruins of Stonehenge. Our hero flattered himself, if he could gain one minute's conversation with his fair mistress, that hope would still smile upon him; for the rest of the party he was too indignant at their disdain to give himself the trouble of a thought. Being well mounted, Smith proceeded at no moderate rate; but with all his haste it was late in the day before he reached Ambresbury; and when there he could gain no tidings of the party. By the time he had refreshed his horse, the sable veil of night had covered the horizon; yet the distance to Salisbury was so small, he was determined to proceed without delay. His body harrassed, his mind disturbed, his thoughts confused, his whole soul restless, dissatisfied, and unhinged, he was neither willing nor scarce able to reflect properly upon his conduct and intentions. It was quite dark before he left the inn at Ambresbury, and it is therefore not at all to be wondered at, that he lost his way upon the downs. To lose your way upon Salisbury plain, in a dark night, according to the most fair arithmetical calculation, is ten to one in favour of the traveller's taking his rest, (if he chuses to take any) under the canopy of heaven. Now our hero, not being particularly lucky, when the odds were against him, met with no better success than another poor wight; and though no love-entangled young gentleman ever was more impatient, hasty and violent, he was obliged to submit to his hard destiny, and await patiently for the morning. Here might I enter into a fine description of the conflicting passions that raged in his breast, and expatiate upon the virtues of Salisbury Plain, which did more to allay their impetuosity, than all the logic of the schools, or the classics of the University, Euclid and Aristotle, Homer, Horace, and Virgil; nay, even the deep researches of a Newton, and the solid reasoning of a Locke, had little availed him; while the cool and dreary downs, in the course of a few hours, so far humbled his pride, calmed his passions, and even settled his temper, that he condescended to take up with a resting-place, both for horse and man, by the sheltering side of a hay-rick. Here the quadruped had much the advantage of his master, whose mental aliment was bitter and ungrateful; while the corporeal food, with which the other was surrounded, was plentiful, sweet, and refreshing. For three long hours the travellers continued at this place, much more to the amusement of one party than the other, when our hero thought he perceived a glimmering light softly glide along upon the opposite brow. Instantly he mounted his horse, and proceeded towards the spot, in the hopes he should meet with some shepherd going to his

fold, or some hut upon the heath. He climbed up a sloping ridge, covered with furze; but the light was gone. He descended from his horse, and listened attentively to catch the passing sound. The gloomy darkness prevented his seeing any object, not a star was visible; but his ear perceived a distant rustling among the furze beneath him. Cautiously he led his horse down the slope; but the object having cleared the bushes, was no longer to be heard. Again he was lost in conjecture which way to proceed, when the light caught his attention, and as instantly disappeared. He came to the spot where he had last perceived the light, and found a large tree had obstructed his view. As this is an object not very usual on the downs, he was in hopes some habitation was not far distant. While with watchful eyes and erect ears, he watched if any sound or noise might reach him, he fancied he distinguished a distant moaning: all his senses were attention; a dreadful howl roused him from the spot, He had no time to reflect what this might be, before a most hideous yell pierced his ears, and instantly he flew towards the sound. The unevenness of the ground, the darkness of the night, prevented his proceeding very fast; but a voice, in the most piteous and heart-piercing accents, directed him to the place. Groans, ejaculations, and dreadful roaring, completed his horror and astonishment. As he approached nearer, clearly could he hear—"O Lord! deliver me! Oh spare me, spare me this time! Oh the devil, the devil has got me;—help, help me! for God's sake!—I'd never be so wicked again—Oh, Mr. Devil! pray don't squeeze me to death!—Have mercy on me this time.—O Lord, if ever—Oh, murder! murder! help—help—help!" In notes of the utmost horror, were such like words, at different intervals, uttered. The unhappy sufferer seemed scarcely able to articulate. The voice was stifled, and greatly laboured, and a noise of struggling accompanied his words, with a confused howling. Our hero, who was no more deficient in humanity than he was in courage, felt himself greatly shocked; and unknowing of what danger might surround him, and without any other arms than a small riding-stick, still continued towards the spot. He had no small trouble to get his horse along; the animal was evidently alarmed, when a sudden shriek, unusually loud, stopped all further progress. Smith was proceeding along, his beast starting and trembling with affright, as a light beamed from a broken casement very near him, and immediately the door of a poor hut opened, and two men came out. Smith spoke—the men started, and were running back; but our hero coming close to the building, called to them that he was a traveller, and had lost his way, and was brought by the cries of some person in distress to that spot. Instantly as he spoke, the cries were repeated, the howling increased, and a confused grumbling filled up the intervals in the chorus. The sounds were adjoining the hut, and the two men carrying the light with our hero, cautiously approached the spot. The groans and exclamations seemed stifled. One of the men looking over some rough boards, exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! damn the rogue, old brume has got him tight enough." Our hero now clearly perceived a poor wretch firmly locked in the arms of a muzzled bear, who rubbing his head against his captive, endeavoured his best to give him a friendly salutation. The wretch struggled like an Antæus in the grasp of Hercules; his face was black, his eye-balls as if bursting from their sockets, and his body compressed into a waspish size. The man who had spoken, leaped over the boards into a place which had the appearance of a pig-sty, and with the assistance of our hero, who followed him, extricated the captive from the clutches of the bear; in another part, where some hurdles made a division, there was an old sow and five young pigs, who appeared not a little alarmed at the disturbance which had taken place. The miserable wight, being extricated from his perilous situation, was still in the most piteous case. A profused distillation from every pore and aperture of his body, was evident to the senses of the company He trembled in every limb; his features were convulsed; his look wild and haggard. After repeated questions, he burst forth, looking fearfully at his auditors—"And am I escaped out of his clutches—am I really?—Oh, I thought the devil had hold of me, and was carrying me away to hell," "Oh, Oh," said the man, "you thought the old gentleman had got you fast, did you, before your time? what, you'll steal poor people's pigs, will ye?" "Oh Lord!" said the other, "indeed, indeed, I'll never steal again!" "No, I believe not," replied the man; you'll travel, my boy, to Botany Bay, and then, if you don't take care, some of the wild gentlemen there will give you another squeeze, without that pretty muzzle that mine has got." "But where be the rest of the young pigs?" said the other man, who was much older than the one that had spoken before. The thief, somewhat recovered, confessed he had stolen them, but offered to make every compensation in his power; and most earnestly begged, as he had suffered so severely from the bear, that they would give him his liberty. Smith enquired into the particulars of the case. The man who appeared the owner of the bear, answered him—"Your Honour must know as how, that I was a going to Weyhill fair, with this here, my dancing bear, and so not being able to get to any sleeping place to night, and the fair not beginning till to morrow, I axed this here old man to let I and the bear sleep in his hut. Now you must know, Sir, he has got only one room and a pig sty; so we parted the sty, gave my old chum his supper, put on his muzzle, and tied him at one side, and drove the sow with her five young ones to t'other. Four days ago half the young pigs belonging to the litter were stolen, and to night you see, this young jackanapes must come for t'others. Well done old Brume, thee hast put a stop to his pig stealing, and thee shalt have a good breakfast for it." Such was, almost verbatim, the explanatory speech of the owner of the bear. The thief had suffered very severely, not only from his fright, but from the rough paws and muzzle of the enraged animal. His face was smeared with blood, some of his teeth were loosened, and his clothes being torn to rags, the impressions of the warm hugs in weals, bruises, and scratches, were evident. At Smith's intercession, backed with the powerful argument of two guineas to the old man, as a compensation for the loss of his five former pigs, which were very young, and not worth so much, the fellow was pardoned; and the master of Brum received also half-a-crown for the thief catching abilities of his animal. But it was not our hero's intention to turn the culprit again loose into the world; he doubted the permanent effect of temporary fears; and therefore as the condition of releasing him from durance vile, the thief was to be sent to any regiment our hero should approve of when he came to Salisbury. Smith was obliged to wait at the hut till the morning to find his horse, which the daylight discovered quietly grazing near the spot, though somewhat to the annoyance of the bridle and saddle; the former of which was broken, and the latter exhibited a few green and brown marks of rolling. The animal being caught, Smith proceeded with the to-be soldier to

wards the pleasant city of Sarum. The towering spire of the Cathedral pointed out their course, and the bear's dancing-master set off at the same time for that well known fair of tricks and traffic, fun and folly, at Weyhill, a few miles from Andover. Bruin's master, not a little elated with the success of his prospect, exhibited, in broad characters, in the front of the savage, these words, which he himself, in full, clear, and deep toned notes, repeated :—

"This is the Worderful Bear,
That caught the thief,
That stole the pigs,
That belonged to the man,
That lives in the hut,
That is on the plain,
That's near the road,
That leads to the noble city of Salisbury."

The address succeeded most wonderfully, the whole fair flocked to the sight, and cash flowed in from all quarters. Fame, indeed, has said, and what will not Fame say ? that the lucky wight, having gained a fortune by the abilities of his capering chum, is now retired, with his bear, from any further toil, and erecting an elegant mansion for himself and his shaggy friend ; that individual building, which is now going forward so near the metropolis, and which so many lovers of architecture, lost in astonishment at its use and purport, (which this account explains) ride to view on a Sunday.

I return to our hero, who having executed his commission concerning the pig-stealer, to his own as well as the man's satisfaction, set about his enquiries after Mr. Modeley and his party. But it all proved to no purpose ; and tired in body, distressed in mind, he returned to his inn. The perturbation his spirits had suffered within the last eight and forty hours, the violent exercise he had taken, together with the wandering all night upon the bleak downs, brought on a fever. The coming symptoms Smith totally disregarded ; the consequence of which was, that it increased upon him so rapidly, in the night he became light headed, and a physician was sent for by the people of the house. Having lost all traces of Mr. Modeley and his fair daughter, he was very reluctantly compelled to give over the pursuit, and by the care and attention of his physician he was able to return to Oxford in less than a week.

His journey and consequent illness, had given full extent to the conflicting storms that raged in his soul ; and by the time he returned to Oxford, his pride came to his relief, and a kind of sulky despondency took its place. Again he read over the two letters from Miss Modeley and Mrs. Heriot ; and as he was not yet inclined to condemn himself of vanity, he began to fancy he had not been very civilly treated. He now began to think that they had purposely looked out for this excuse to break off the connection ; and that his fair mistress had not lately been so kind as formerly. He fancied it was a concerted scheme (which it was in some degree,) and cursed his own folly for being so easily made the dupe. Not that he believed, for one moment that Miss Modeley joined in the plot, but he concluded she was deceived as well as himself. Amidst all the wildness of our youth, his good opinion of Miss Modeley was never shaken. If true love consists in implicitly believing, that the fair object of that love is superior to all others, no man could be more true than our hero. He knew his adored mistress might be misled or deceived ; but not for a moment would he entertain the idea, that she could willingly act wrong. There was a generous principle implanted in the heart of our hero, never to be mistrustful or suspicious, and though the manners of the coxcomb hid many of his excellent qualities, it did not destroy them.

IN the following Poem, MISANTHROPY is exhibited in its last stage of depravity :—but for the honor of human nature, it is hoped, that a complete *Misanthrope* never existed.

Misanthrope.

'Tis night again—no more let morning rise,
Or hated light salute these damned eyes ;
Wrapt in these glooms, and hush'd in awe profound
Be every object, every human sound ;
What pleases man O may I never share,
Be dead each feeling, reign alone despair,
Alone, distracted, hurried in his cave,
Unseen, unknown, forever let me rave ?
Let no foul reptile dare approach this place,
That bears resemblance to the human race.
No feathered songster dare attune its throat,
And fill these thickets with its love sick notes ;
But let the howlings of the beasts of prey,
Rise on the blast and drown each tender lay ;
The owl's shrill cry, the awful groan of death,
And shrieks of spirits trembling o'er the heath.
Man—man—fell man—fly far this haunted shade,
My air pollute not, nor my path invade ;
If in my walks I meet thy frightful form,
I'll rend thee piecemeal to the howling storm ;
I'd pity not, I have forgot to feel,
My bosom's harder than the polish'd steel ;
I give no pity—none will I receive,
May fiends torment him who for me would grieve ;
Harder than marble be transform'd that tear,
Which falls in sorrow o'er my silent bier ;
I want no friends to follow my remains ;
No sighs of mourning, and no pious strains ;
No lovely wife to melt in tenderest woes,
No little children—all mankind be foes !
When death's cold slumber comes to close these eyes,
And my soul labours in fierce agonies,
I'll smile disdainful at the dart of death,
And pour forth curses with my latest breath ;
Around this haunt cast my last glimmering sight,
And sink triumphant in the depths of night.
Then may the tiger make my grave his den,
To guard my bones from every human ken ;
From fields of slaughter, thither bring his food,
And drench my ashes with a victim's blood.
I once had mercy, once this breast could glow,
And melt with pity at another's woe ;
Once sweet benevolence for all mankind.
Prompted my actions, and each thought refin'd ;
The mournful tale then claim'd my willing ear,
And with my gifts I always gave a tear.
But when misfortune fell upon my head,
And drove me from my little peaceful shed,
No friendly arms were open to my cries,
No roof to shield me from the wintry skies ;

Thoſe very wretches that my bounty fed,
With pride diſdainful from my footſteps fled.
Once a fair wife reclin'd within my arms,
Sweeten'd my peace with her ſeducing charms;
Soften'd each paſſion by her magic art,
And ſtole to raptures this deluded heart;
But when a fell, deſigning victim came,
She fled with him, and loaded me with ſhame.
I had a child—he was my only boy,
My dawning proſpect, and my evening joy;
Nature had form'd him with her utmoſt care,
With each attraction that can win the fair;
His ſtature roſe in ſtrength and manly grace,
The rays of genius lighten'd on his face.
O how I lov'd him—but how ill repaid,
Was all my fondneſs and parental aid;
He too forſook me for an harlot's bed,
And laviſh'd curſes on his fathers head.
O ſhudder nature, at thy dark diſguiſe
Man, boaſted man, is infamy and lies.
I'll now go prowl, the wildering mazes tread,
And climb the mountain's bleak and rugged head;
Hang in grim pleaſure o'er the dreadful ſteep,
And hear the tempeſt laſh the angry deep;
Invoke the furies from their midnight cave,
And call the murderer from his yawning grave,

For the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I ſometime ago peruſed a book, entitled the "*Force of Truth*," and underſtand it is ſoon to be printed by Meſſrs. Warner and Hanna. I feel much gratified at the idea of its circulation in this city; and am led to believe it will prove highly beneficial to all the different denominations of chriſtians. Truth is certainly one of the moſt prominent badges the chriſtian ſoldiers wear, and makes his other graces ſhine with more refulgent luſtre. The worthy author has given a narrative of his converſion, in a fair, open and candid manner, his vices as well as virtues lie expoſed to our view; and prove the *report* of the glorious goſpel to be true, and that the *half* is not yet told. I am ſtrongly impreſſed with the idea, that this intereſting piece will have a tendency, to eſtabliſh and confirm many who labor under doubt and difficulties—And O that the Sun of Righteouſneſs may ariſe with healing in his wings, and chaſe away the clouds which obſcure them. Religion is a ſovereign balm for every wound, while we continue as ſtrangers and pilgrims in this vale of tears, all who experience its benign influence will readily admit this truth: yet alas! how lamentable it is to ſee men make uſe of every exertion to deſtroy that ſource of conſolation which alone flows from the diſtant but bleſſed country of Immanuel—However the "Force of Truth" will meet with no oppoſition in God's appointed time, for unto him every knee ſhall bow and every tongue confeſs, therefore God is *true*—the holy Prophets, Apoſtles, and Martyrs, ſtand as faithful witneſſes, and every man who endeavours to invalidate the truth of the everlaſting Goſpel is a *liar*.

I have been informed Sir, your Magazine was open for the diſcuſſion of different topics, and the reception of different ſentiments; ſhould you deem the foregoing lines worthy a place in it, you will much oblige a

PHILANTHROPIST.

ANECDOTE.

A young fellow, whoſe dreſs and appearance did not, by any means proclaim him a gentleman, knocked at the door of a young lady at Berkely ſquare; and having gained admittance, expreſſed an anxious deſire of ſeeing the lady; adding, with great energy, "I *dye* for her ladyſhip."—The ſervant ſuppoſing he wanted to addreſs her as a lover, was ſo enraged at his inſolence, that he ſaluted him with a few kicks, and was on the point of turning him out of doors; when the buſtle, attending this buſineſs induced the lady to open the door of her apartment, to know what was the matter. An *eclairciſſement* immediately took place, when the ſuppoſed lover aſked the following queſtion: "*Pray my lady, of what colour am I to* dye *thoſe curtains which you ſent me a few days ago?*"

MISCELLANY.

LESSONS FOR LOUNGERS.

SUCH gentlemen as carry ſmall canes, in modiſh language termed *canees*, ought to put them in a horizontal poſition, under their right arm, taking eſpecial care that the ferule end, which muſt be carried behind them, be ſufficiently dirty. This, with a jirk of the gait, and a frequent whiſk, as if to look about them, will prevent that crowd of buſy people, who infeſt the public ſtreets, from preſſing too cloſe.

If a ſhort man carry an umbrella, let him lift it no higher, than the eyes of the overgrown mortals, among

the paſſengers of the ſtreet. By this expedient, he will prevent their coming ſo near, as to ſplaſh him; at leaſt, if they do, it will be at the hazard of loſs of ſight.

Such gentlemen, as write their letters in a coffee houſe, ſhould endeavour to procure two or three of the new ſpapers of the day, to put under their paper. This will prevent the table ſoiling their letter, or their ruffle; as to the impatience of thoſe, who wait for news, that is not the buſineſs of a gentleman to enquire about.

If a coffee room be crowded, endeavour to fix yourſelf at the corner of a table, in ſuch a manner, that you prevent any one paſſing you to get ſeated on any other part of the bench; or, if that cannot conveniently be done, put one, or both of your legs, at full length upon the ſeat, lean back, whiſtle, or pick your teeth. This will ſhew your conſequence.

If you walk the ſtreets, always wear boots and ſpurs, eſpecially in the ſummer months, when the ways are clean. I ſay *ſpurs*, becauſe it is three to one, but they catch the apron or petticoat of ſome woman, who is paſſing you; if ſhe be young and handſome, you may make a low bow, and aſk her pardon, in a *degagee* way, which may give birth to an agreeable connection. Obſerve the ſame rule when you go to the play-houſe; beſides, if your boots be ſufficiently dirty, you prevent people incommoding you, by crowding a box ſeat.

Whenever you call a hackney coach, order the driver to ſtop his horſes, as nearly as poſſible to the foot-way. This will naturally occaſion a number of people to ſtop, and give you an opportunity, of ſhewing your perſon, or a new coat, made by Watſon.

To Miſs Charlotte M———.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart!
O death! how ſlow to take my part!
Who hears my ſuit, my ſuit denies,
And death itſelf, like *Charlotte*, flies.
Love and deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt,
At the ſame fatal birth, my breaſt.
I thought that love could only dwell
Where ſmiling hope were found as well;
But I alas! am doom'd to prove,
That where there is not hope, there's love.
As foreſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpight of winds, and ſpread,
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes,
My love, the deeper root it takes.
Deſpair, that poiſon of the mind,
That aconite for love deſign'd,
Is food to me, and ſtill maintains
The pulſe that throbs in all my veins.
O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer endleſs ſmart?
Like ſad *Prometheus*, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

From the 'Port Folio.'

To OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQUIRE.

Sir,

The traveller, whoſe firſt letter, from Frankfort, on the Oder, occupies the firſt page of the firſt number of your Port Folio, has taken notice of the death of the very amiable prince Leopold, who fell a victim to his humanity, in attempting to reſcue a family of children from an inundation of the Oder. This brought to my recollection the following little Ode, upon that event, which I think worth preſerving in your valuable paper.

ODE.

Let praiſe, the victor's act record,
And nations deify the ſword
With human ſacrifice impure;
To ſuch, when fate has given the blow,
The ſervice of external woe
Shall long preſcriptive right ſecure:

But ah! the tears, that part
Spontaneous from the deep charg'd heart,
The formal ſummons diſobey;
This envied meed from diſtant lands,
The name of Leopold commands,
And every friend of man ſhall pay.

Lamented youth! I never trod
The banks where rapid Oder flow'd
Whoſe lateſt ſons ſhall weep thy doom;
Nor ever hail'd thy gracious form,
Whoſe promis'd worth, th' unkindly ſtorm
Hath cruſh'd in manhood's opening bloom.

Yet all confeſs'd, to Fancy's eyes,
Thy gentle ſpirit ſeems to riſe
With amaranthine ſplendor crown'd;
And recent from their wat'ry grave,
The tender group thou died'ſt to ſave,
On ſnowy pinions hover round.

Tho' now to better world's reſign'd,
Thy bright example left behind,
Shall ſtill to man extend thy care;
Diſcloſe the ſurer paths of fame;
And nobly point the ſocial aim,
"To ſave, to pity and to ſpare."

Critical "*ſagacity*," and "*happy conjecture*," of *Bentley's Milton.*

——Bentley, *long to wrangling ſchools confin'd,*
And but by books acquainted with mankind——
To Milton *lending ſenſe, to* Horace *wit,*
He makes them write, what never poet *writ.*

[*Mallet.*

Dr. BENTLEY's edition of our Engliſh Homer, is ſufficiently known by name. As it ſtands a terrifying beacon to conjectural criticiſm, I ſhall juſt notice ſome of thoſe violations which the learned critic ventured to commit with all the arrogance of a Scaliger. This man ſo deeply verſed in ancient learning, it will appear, was deſtitute of taſte and genius in his native language.

It was an unfortunate ingenuity in our critic, when, to perſuade the world of the neceſſity of his edition, he imagined a fictitious editor of *Milton's* Poems: for it was this ingenuity which produced all his abſurdities. As it is certain that the blind bard employed an amanuenſis, it was not improbable that many words of ſimilar ſound, but very different ſignification, may have diſfigured the

poem; but our doctor was bold enough to conjecture, that this amanuensis interpolated whole verses of his own composition in the Paradise Lost! Having said this, he has no doubt that the fact is incontrovertible. Yet is it not a far more probable conjecture, that *Milton*, who was never careless of his future fame, had his poem *read* to him after it had been published? The first edition appeared in 1667, the second in 1674, in which all the faults of the former edition are continued. By these *faults*, the doctor means what *he* considers to be such; for we shall soon see that his Canons of Criticisms are apocryphal.

Bentley says, that he will supply the want of manuscripts to collate by (to use his own words) by his own '*sagacity*,' and '*happy conjecture*.' Let us now judge how illimitable is the *sagacity* and *happy conjecture* of our erudite critic.

Milton, after the conclusion of Satan's speech to the fallen angels, proceeds thus,

1. He spake; and to confirm his words out flew
2. Millions of flaming *swords*, drawn from the thighs
3. Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
4. Far round illumin'd hell; highly they rag'd
5. Against the highest; and fierce with grasped arms
6. Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
7. Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heaven.

In this passage, which is as perfect (justly observes the reviewer of this edition) as human wit can make, the doctor alters three words. In the second line he puts *blades* instead of *swords*; in the fifth he puts *swords* instead of *arms*; and in the last line he prefers *walls* to *vault*. On this the reviewer observes, all these changes are so many defædations of this poem. The word *swords* sounds much better in heroics than *blades*, which is mean both in sound and signification, and may as well be understood of *knives* as *swords*. The word *arms* is still stronger and more proper in this place than *swords*. The word *vault* is preferable to *walls*. Vault gives an idea of grandeur and majesty, as of some magnificent palace or stately building which is high arched and vaulted; whereas *walls* are equally applicable to a little garden or lowest cottage as to the highest heaven.

Milton writes, book i. verse 63.

> No light, but rather *darkness visible*
> Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

Perhaps borrowed from Spencer,

> A little glooming light, much like a shade.
>
> [*Fairy Queen*, *B.* i. *C.* i. *St.* 14.

This fine expression of 'darkness visible,' the doctor does not *clearly* understand; he substitutes in its place,

> 'No light, but rather *a transpicuous gloom*.'

Again our learned critic distinguishes the 74th line of the first book,

> As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole,

as a 'vicious verse,' and therefore 'sagaciously' gives an entire verse of his own composition,

> 'Distance, which to express all measure fails.'

Milton writes,

> Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements.
>
> [*Book* ii. *ver.* 274.

Bentley corrects,

> 'Then, as *was well observ'd*, our torments may
> Become our elements.'

To conclude with one more instance of critical emendation: *Milton* says, with an agreeable turn of expression,

> So parted they; the angel up to heaven,
> From the thick shade; and Adam to his bower.

Bentley 'conjectures' these two verses to be inaccurate, and in lieu of the last, writes,

> 'Adam, to ruminate on past discourse.'

He says, that after the conversation between the angel and Adam in the bower, it may be well presumed, that our first parent waited on his heavenly guest at his departure to some little distance from it, till he began to take his flight towards heaven; and therefore 'sagaciously' thinks that the poet could not with propriety say, that the angel parted from the thick shade, that is, the bower, to go to heaven. But if Adam attended the angel no farther than the door or entrance of the bower, then he shrewdly asks, How Adam could return to his bower, if he was never out of it? This (says our reviewer) must be allowed to be very curious and very profound! and of this kind are most of the remarks and criticisms in the doctor's notes.

We are also informed, that our editor has made above a thousand similar corrections in this edition of *Milton*.—Some have suspected, that the same kind intention which prompted *Dryden* to persuade *Creech* to undertake a translation of Horace, influenced those who encouraged our doctor, in thus exercising his 'sagacity' and 'happy conjecture' on the epic of *Milton*. He is one of those learned critics, who have happily 'elucidated their author into obscurity.'

I have collected these few instances, with the hope that they will not appear uninteresting to men of taste: they will convince us, that one may be familiarized to Greek and Latin, though a stranger to one's mother tongue; and that a verbal critic may sometimes be successful in his attempts on a single word, though he may be incapable of tasting an entire sentence. Let it also remain as a gibbet on the high roads of literature: that 'conjectural critics,' as they pass, may not forget the fate of *Bentley*.

Baltimore.

☞ The '*MAGAZINE*,' since the cessation of the fever, having suffered so many derangements, might induce its patrons to believe that it was going "*down to the tomb of all the Capulets*;"—But this, be it known, is not the case; circumstances, *imperious* and *unforeseen*, in their nature, have been the causes of this *irregularity*. Hereafter, however, it SHALL appear in a proper manner: It is hoped that the *past* will be excused, when, for the *future*, atonement will be essayed by every possible mean in the power of the conductor.

THE NEGRO's PRAYER.

THE Poet's corner in Gazette,
Is often fill'd by ſome Coquette ;
Or cap in Hand to do his duty,
Will ſatirize his female beauty ;
But as I now have room to ſpare,
I'll here inſert a Negro's Prayer.

LORD if thou doſt with equal eye,
See all the ſons of Adam die ;
Why doſt thou hide thy face from ſlaves,
Conſign'd by fate to ſerve the knaves ?
Stolen or ſold in Africa,
Imported to America,
Like hogs or ſheep, at market ſold,
To ſtem the heat or brook the cold,
To work all day and half the night,
And riſe before the morning light,
Suſtain the laſh, endure the cane,
Expos'd to ſtorms of ſnow and rain,
Pinch'd with hunger and with cold,
And if we beg we meet a ſcold,
And after all the tedious round,
At night to ſtretch upon the ground.
Has Heaven decreed that negroes muſt,
By cruel men be ever curſt !
For ever drag the galling chain,
And ne'er enjoy themſelves as men !
When will *Jehovah* hear our cries !
When will the ſun of Freedom riſe,
When will a Moſes for us ſtand,
And free us from Pharaoh's hand ?
What tho' our ſkin be black as jet,
Our hair be curl'd our noſes flat,
Muſt we, for this no freedom have,
Until we find it in the grave ?

TO WAR.

DREAD power accurſt, whoſe ſtreaming hand
Hath drench'd the *eaſtern world* in gore ;
Whoſe breath peſtiferous and blazing brand,
Have ſpread wide deveſtation on the ſhore :

Too long the earth hath heard thy *clarion* roar,
Hath ſeen too long thine *enſigns drear* unfurl'd ;
Oh ſheathe thy *ſabre*, bend thy *bow* no more,
Nor quite depopulate the world.

Approach not theſe fair plains, oh, waſting WAR ;
Croſs not, with envy fierce, th' Atlantic flood ;
For where *ſhe* thundering rolls her furious car,
The path is pav'd with blood !

Green nod the foreſts on Columbia's hills,
Wide wave the harveſts o'er her fertile plains ;
And harmony on pureſt æther thrills
Her moſt enchanting ſoul ſubduing ſtrains.

Yet, if thy voice be heard, her ſong ſhall ceaſe,
The withering woods ſhall mourn their verdant green—
Plenty and joy ſhall flee with baniſh'd peace,
And one o'erwhelmning ruin blaſt the ſcene !

SONNET.

TO COMPASSION.

MILD as the Star of Ev'ning gleams
Thro' gloomy clouds of ſable night,
So ſhines the pitying eye that teems
With grief at ſcenes of woe ! But bright
As the full moon's refulgent beams,
When, unobſcur'd ſhe ſpreads her light,
It varies from behind ; nor ſeems
She leſs than angel to the ſight
Of ſad misfortune in the ſhade
Of poverty !—Thus in the glade
Obſcure, the ſun's warm rays pervade,
And cheer the ſolitary ſcene :
And thus, ſtill may her ſoul ſerene
Above Misfortune's cloud be ſeen !

EPIGRAM.

Firſt in the grape the wine's red hue,
Next in the bottle glows ;
But laſt, and moſt, and longeſt too,
O Cotto, on thy NOSE.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* moſt *moderate terms.*